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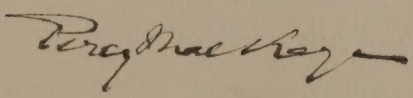

SAINT LOUIS

—A CIVIC MASQUE—

By Percy MacKaye

The Canterbury Pilgrims. *A Comedy.*
Jeanne d'Arc. *A Tragedy.*
Sappho and Phaon. *A Tragedy.*
Fenris the Wolf. *A Tragedy.*
A Garland to Sylvia. *A Dramatic Reverie.*
The Scarecrow. *A Tragedy of the Ludicrous.*
Yankee Fantasies. *Five One-Act Plays.*
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Sanctuary. *A Bird Masque.*
Saint Louis. *A Civic Masque.*
A Thousand Years Ago. *A Romance of the Orient.*
Poems.
Uriel, and Other Poems.
Lincoln. *A Centenary Ode.*
The Playhouse and the Play. *Essays.*
The Civic Theatre. *Essays.*

At All Booksellers

PERCY MACKAYE

from a drawing by Kahlil Gibran
(reproduced by kind permission of the artist)

SAINT LOUIS

A CIVIC MASQUE

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1914

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PERCY MACKAYE

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To

THE CITIZENS OF SAINT LOUIS

WHOSE ORGANIZED FORESIGHT FOR ART
HAS CREATED AN INSPIRING PRECEDENT
IN THE SOCIALIZATION OF MODERN CITIES

THE COVER DESIGN

Mr. John M. Wulfing writes from Saint Louis about the man-eagle design which is stamped on the cover of this book:

"The original is one of eight copper plates, from 10 to 13 inches in height, found in Dunklin County, Missouri, about twenty miles west of the present bed of the Mississippi River. Similar plates have been found in Union County, Illinois (one); Peoria County, Illinois (one); Hopewell Mound, Ohio (one); Ettowah Mound, Georgia (several); but none so well preserved. The material is 'floating' copper (i.e., surface finds) beaten very thin; the art of fusing being unknown to the makers. The pieces of copper after having been beaten were riveted together to get a plate of the desired size. While the design in a general way reminds one of the art of Mexico and Central America, no plates of this kind have ever been found there. Professor Putnam of the Peabody Museum at Harvard pronounces the plates undoubtedly pre-Columbian.

"While nothing is definitely known as yet of the people who constructed the Cahókia and the Saint Louis Mound (destroyed about forty years ago), it is safe to assume that these plates were the artistic expression of the same people. Mr. MacKaye is therefore justified in adopting the design for his book, and I cheerfully give my consent thereto.

"Very truly,

"JOHN M. WULFING."

PREFACE

This masque is a contribution to a distinctive art-form of the Civic Theatre, in its large-scale aspects, as outlined in a recent volume under that title by the author.*

To witness the manifold growth of the civic theatre idea, and in some part to share in it, is to experience a kind of thrilling assurance of its large destinies. For some years past, I have had occasion to speak and write of the potential use and public need of the art of such a theatre — a dramatic art expressing community life, created by social-minded craftsmen, and participated in by representative numbers of the people.

Not until last autumn, however, was the opportunity forthcoming for me to "hand over" some concrete sample of my meaning, as applied to the organized expression of a large city. Last autumn that opportunity came in the request of the Saint Louis Pageant Drama Association that I should create a dramatic work (the one here published) appropriate to be enacted out of doors by several thousand citizens of Saint Louis, in the great natural amphitheatre at Forest Park, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Saint Louis, in May, 1914.

The idea of celebrating that anniversary by a form of community expression originated with Miss Charlotte Rumbold, whose significant work in the Saint Louis playgrounds has justly won national attention. In association with her, Mr. William La Beaume, Mr. Luther Ely Smith, Mr. John Gundlach, Mr. Dwight Davis, Mr. Percival Chubb, and other social-spirited

* "The Civic Theatre, in Relation to the Redemption of Leisure," by Percy MacKaye; Mitchell Kennerley New York, 1912.

See Appendix Page 86

citizens set about last summer to canvas the national field for workers having some proficiency in the incipient art of pageantry.

In September, after conference with Miss Rumbold and Mr. La Beaume in the East, I received an invitation from the Saint Louis committee to submit to them my ideas regarding the proposed celebration in May. I did so in a letter from which I quote here in part:

"I have the following proposal to make, which I believe would be beneficial to the success of the total celebration.

"My proposal is this:

"Let the celebration consist of

THE PAGEANT AND MASQUE OF SAINT LOUIS

"Let PAGEANT and MASQUE be distinct, and under different directorships, though harmonized of course in their general scope and design.

"Let the PAGEANT consist of a *daytime* celebration, involving the coördination of all those festival activities which your committee has contemplated, and which some expert whom they may select may direct, according to a plan satisfactory to the expert and your committee.

"Let the MASQUE consist of a civic drama, interpreting symbolically the large historic meanings of Saint Louis, acted *after nightfall:* the Masque to be written by myself and staged by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, under our authority and directorship distinct from that of the Pageant proper.

"To the writing of such a MASQUE OF SAINT LOUIS I should, of course, be happy to give my best labor in preparative study of material, creative thought, and technical handling; and I could place its scenic production, costuming, lighting, etc., in no available hands more sympathetically artistic and efficient than Mr. Smith's.

"As this concentration upon the single large night-feature, the Masque, would lend itself to noble artistic possibilities of

dramatic unity and scenic impressiveness, it appeals to us as a plan which should not only provide Saint Louis, during its time of celebration, with a distinctive, popular entertainment of a nature to be widely noticed for its novelty and individual treatment, but one also which should stand as a worthy pioneer contribution to that future repertory of civic dramas, which I have suggested in my volume may well be offered by the great cities of America, as a national expression in dramatic art."

A little later in the autumn, the suggestions of this letter were adopted by the committee, and I received the definite commission to undertake the Saint Louis work, in association with Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith as stage producer, and Mr. Frederick S. Converse as composer.

So much of retrospect is pertinent, since it gives the origins of what, I believe, may prove to be an important precedent in the technical development of civic pageantry — the correlation of Pageant and Masque as a single art event, to express a large-scale community celebration.

Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, director of the school of drama at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, was chosen to write and produce the Pageant. Thoroughly skilled as a maker of pageants in a notable series at the Art Institute of Chicago, he has brought to our total task a rare spirit of coöperation. To this volume he has kindly consented to contribute a synopsis of his Pageant,* so that the ensemble effect of the day-and-night celebration may be the more clearly imagined by the general reader, and estimated by the student of this still tentative art.

The plan of correlated Pageant and Masque seeks to solve an essential problem in a new profession — a profession which I have elsewhere termed Dramatic Engineering.

The problem is this:

A great city seeks to understand itself as a social organism. Socially its life has flowed from far times and places to a present

*See Appendix, p. 95

focus, which again radiates into dimly imaginable futurity. A great city, in short, seeks for the first time to imagine its own origins and destiny — its life drama.

What is the best method to compass this imagining?

First, its people must convene in maximum numbers practicable for seeing and hearing. The city must, therefore, possess a great auditorium of proper topography and acoustics.

(Saint Louis has such a natural auditorium at Art Hill, well adapted for an audience of a hundred thousand persons.)

Next, the people must behold their history (past and present) visualized, and hear its meanings interpreted. This implies a stage technically adapted to these needs of eye and ear.

(At a cost of $25,000, Saint Louis has built such a stage — a stage of land and water, the largest of its kind in the world — provided with vast sounding-boards for speech and choral song, and with massing spaces for ten thousand actors.)

But if the people are truly to imagine their life drama, they must not merely behold and hear it. Representatively they must themselves enact and interpret it. The poet-dramatist must be called in as engineer, but the people must provide in themselves his creative material.

(Saint Louis has thus provided several hundred men and women as working organizers, and seven thousand of its citizens as actors.)

But now arises the crux of the engineer's problem.

A huge, half-socialized, modern multitude, unused by experience to imagining, is now gathered for the definite purpose both to imagine and interpret the visioning of the civic dramatist.

To solve this special problem in crowd psychology — what method shall the dramatist adopt?

As a pioneering step toward a solution, the method of Pageant and Masque (in correlated sequence) is being tested in Saint Louis. Its principle is to lead the attention of large masses from the more specific and familiar images of reality to images less familiar and more general, by a means of increasing dramatic tensity.

Thus in my Masque it is my object to set forth, in symbolic form, the national and universal meanings underlying the Pageant.

In his Pageant Mr. Stevens will emphasize, and marshal movingly in onward flowing episodes, the more local and historic meanings of human life, as that life has been enacted by successive generations on or near the locality of Saint Louis. Necessarily and appropriately the emphasis of the Pageant will be upon a selection of actual local occurrences, and its dialogue will be more or less literal and naturalistic. At its conclusion, the audience will, as it were, have witnessed from a hill-top (not too distant for the recognition of personalities in the groupings) the social life of their city from its beginnings.

Thus, then, at the point of the Pageant's conclusion it becomes the function of the Masque to adopt another scale of outlook, and to relate that local life to larger national and world life. In other words, the Masque will seek to remove the audience in imagination from its hill-top to a viewpoint of even larger vantage — let us say, to the bird's-eye view of the horizon's rim. There another and distinctive method of appeal must be adopted by the dramatist — the method of symbolism.

In conceiving my Masque, therefore, I have taken the historical material available to the Pageant master, and — submitting that to drastic eliminations — selected only such elements of local history as take on national and world significances. These I have interpreted dramatically by means of a very few symbolic characters, who are themselves the spokesmen of great mass-groupings.

To make clearer this difference of method in Pageant and Masque, let me exemplify:

In the Pageant are presented as important persons of the white man's civilization at Saint Louis such local leaders as Pierre Laclede, Governor Piernas, St. Ange, Auguste Chouteau, Daniel Boone, etc.

In the Masque, on the other hand, none of these historical persons appears, but — expressive of their several leaderships,

as well as of the racial and human forces of millions of their fellow citizens, during those successive generations — there rises in my Masque the single symbolic figure of Saint Louis.

Again, in the Pageant certain particular fights, skirmishes, wars are dramatized or touched upon in historical episodes.

In the Masque these are not introduced or referred to, but instead — typical of that menacing human force which underlies them all — there occurs a scene of dramatic spectacle and conflict of which again a single large, symbolic figure — the War Demon — becomes the spokesman of his vast group, in opposition to Saint Louis, who champions the counter forces of his contrasted groups.

Visually, then, the outward symbols available to the Masque-maker differ largely from those available to the Pageant-maker. The armies of the War Demon may appropriately be clothed and equipped with any martial insignia, costumes, heraldry, harmonious with the dramatic idea. For them the historical uniforms of American soldiery would not be adequate or appropriate.

By the same principle, Saint Louis appears in armor symbolic of a young crusader in the cause of social civilization, though the costume which he wears has probably never been worn historically on the geographical site of Saint Louis.

Being thus free to ignore all literal minutiæ of history, in form the Masque is more focussed and unified than the Pageant can necessarily be. The scope of its form and the inner relationship of its parts are determined wholly by the mind of its maker reacting on the materials of history at his disposal. In short, the Masque becomes a special form of drama, technically adapted — through range of eye and ear — to the special conditions: in this case to an auditorium and stage vast in scale.

While to the eye the Masque should be always a moving decoration, and to the ear a pleasing harmony of sound, to both it should be essentially a human drama, interpretive of the large meanings of that life which is its poetic theme.

PREFACE

The theme of my Masque is the fall and rise of social civilization.

Interpreting symbolically the historical material of Saint Louis, I have conceived the national and world meanings of that material as revealing the lapse and resurgence of man in the evolution of a more highly socialized state.

For centuries, perhaps for ages, the Mound Builders sustained on this continent — notably on the site and in the vicinity of Saint Louis — a civilization of a comparatively high order, contemporary with the Maya and Aztec civilizations to the south.

To interpret this mound-building society on the scale of its world meanings in the Western Hemisphere, I make use of a single symbolic figure — Cahókia, who stands for the pinnacle of the social aspirations of the Indian race, regarded ethnologically. The fall of this mound-building civilization took place through the invasion not of human agencies, but of wild nature forces — the invasion of the hordes of the bison. Because of that invasion (according to the now accepted theory of the archeologists), the Indian race lapsed, and reverted from a stage of agriculture and many simple social crafts and arts to the nomad hunting stage of man. In that reverted social state tribes of their descendants were discovered by Columbus and the early European explorers.

My Masque, then, opens at that significant world-moment when Cahókia — a lonely, tragic figure, symbolic of the fallen mound-building civilization — rises before his ruined temple, surrounded and threatened by the Elements and the Wild Nature Forces, among which his own kin, now degenerated to nomads forgetful of their former social empire, mingle their savage rites with the menacing powers of chaos.

How, with the coming of the white man, my theme deals with the hopeful, resurgent powers of civilization, and with the forces of Gold, War, and Poverty, which in turn rise in the path of that civilization — the Masque itself sets forth. Here it is enough to say that the Masque technically expresses its theme by means of a few large rhythmic mass-movements of onward

urge, opposition, recoil, and again the sweep onward towards its alluring goal — an harmonious socialized state of human society.

It is also pertinent to point out that, for this world-scale interpretation, all symbols of the Red Race at its highest social status, as well as of the White Race, are appropriately available to the stage production of the Masque; and hence the use it makes of symbols both of the Maya and Aztec civilizations of the Red Race, and of the ancient, mediæval, and modern civilizations of the White Race.

So much, then, for the technique and theme of my Masque.

The execution of it implies a work of coöperation among the technical artists in charge of the production and the citizens of Saint Louis — a coöperation in which the artists share a happy zest and enthusiasm.

The technical work is apportioned as follows:

For the Masque itself, conceived and written by me, I have devised a structure of dramatic architecture of which, so to speak, the building materials are visual spectacle, pantomime, choral, and instrumental music, spoken and chanted poetry, and the dance.

The nature of these materials makes clear at once that the resulting edifice must be executed by a coöperation of technical artists; and in this I am very fortunate in having the association of Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith and Mr. Frederick S. Converse.

With both these artists I have had the pleasure of working harmoniously before: with Mr. Smith in the production of my Bird Masque, and with Mr. Converse — in addition to that masque — in the production of my play "Jeanne d'Arc" and the writing of two operas.

Mr. Smith, distinguished for his work in the staging of many pageants and outdoor plays, brings to the Masque his expert knowledge of costuming, staging, and lighting.

Mr. Converse has composed for it all of the music, consisting of sung choruses, chants, dance music, and incidental orchestration.

Thus coöperation — which is the human theme of the Masque — has entered into its production from the start, and is steadily widening out to an extension which hopefully will embrace the whole of a great modern city, and through Saint Louis to the interested attention of all American cities, and even across the seas to those of England and Europe. For I think before we have completed the large and exhilarating task before us, we shall realize that we have only begun a work of civic art and popular expression which will create splendid national and international reactions in the years to come.

Best of all, in Saint Louis itself are many thousand uncelebrated and sincere fellow Americans — workers in all fields of industry and human enterprise, vital with the life which alone can bring successful achievement to the dreams of civic artists: to these — both for the alleviation of what is humdrum in their lives, and for the expression of their own too-stifled dreams — to these we look for fellowship and goodwill in our festival task.

Coöperation, then, is the watchword of Saint Louis in this plan of civic art. Art itself is a word too long made strange to the man and woman of daily work. Well, then, henceforth let it become less strange — and translated. Another word for it is *happiness* — the joy of expressing ourselves nobly, whoever we are. Coöperation is another word of the scholars and economists. The man on the street has a plainer word for it: "get together." When throughout our country all of us shall get together for a real civic art, there will be a constructive revolution in America — a renascence of joy in the life-work and leisure of every man, woman, and child.

Not, however, merely to generalize in hopes for this, the Saint Louis committee is preparing to take a definite, significant step toward its accomplishment. This step is the plan to hold at Saint Louis, in connection with the May production, a unique civic conference.

The idea for this conference suggested itself to me by reason of the marked success of a conference on "The Drama and Conservation," held in connection with the production of my

Bird Masque in New York (February 24, 1914). On that occasion, naturalists, museum directors, scientists, conservationists, convened — for perhaps the first time — with artists of the theatre for a common purpose: to discuss the civic uses of dramatic art as means for giving expression and publicity to important public causes related to the conservation of wild life and natural resources. This theme was discussed from many viewpoints by men and women notable in both fields, with enthusiasm and insight.

In like manner, then — as related to the theme of the Masque here published — it occurred to me to suggest to the Saint Louis committee the following plan which, being heartily endorsed and adopted by them, has resulted as follows:

The theme of the Masque culminates in a symbolic "league of the cities." But, back of the symbol, the Saint Louis production presents the reality. For the actors who impersonate the cities in the Masque are envoys, officially appointed by the mayors of the several cities. Thus by special invitation the Mayor of Saint Louis has requested the mayor of the largest city of each state in the Union (as well as the chief cities in South America and Canada) to send an official envoy — a man, in each case, representative in the field of civic art — whose function it is to act in the Masque by night and to sit in conference by day.

At the date of this Preface, acceptances are coming in daily. Mayor Mitchell of New York, for instance, has recently appointed Mr. Henry Bruere, City Chamberlain, as special envoy from that city.

The underlying idea of the conference might be summed up thus:

Civic pageants and masques are forms of an ancient art, newly rediscovered, involving *an expert method for promoting solidarity in community life.*

This art is the civic drama, and its proper pursuit and practice involve the coöperation of all the fine arts with the community spirit of all citizens.

In connection, therefore, with the production of "The Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis," there is held a three days' conference, at which envoys from the chief cities of the Western Hemisphere meet with others who are interested to discuss various aspects of this central issue, namely:

The civic drama: Shall it be recognized and established as the most effectual means for the art expression, publicity, and co-operation of modern cities?

From such a conference of cities, representing states and nations, vital and permanent reactions may well be anticipated. It is the hope of the Saint Louis committee that all workers in the cause of sociology and of art, who can, will attend it. More than any other feature of the city's festival, it lends practicality and prophecy to the theme of this Masque.

In the cause of war, cities before now have banded themselves together for defence or aggression. But never perhaps before this have official envoys convened, and acted their parts in symbol and reality, to create for civic art a League of the Cities.

PERCY MACKAYE.

New York,
March 28, 1914.

PERSONS AND PRESENCES IN THE MASQUE*

PERSONS

1. SPEAKING PERSONS

CAHÓKIA (I).
Mississippi (I).
Saint Louis, the Child (I).
The One with the Lions
The One with the Lilies } Discoverers (I).
The One with the Cross

SAINT LOUIS, the Youth (II).
The Pioneer (II).
Gold (II).
Europe (II).
War (II).
Poverty (II).
Washington (II).
New York (II).
San Francisco (II).
Chicago (II). } Spokesmen of the League of Cities
New Orleans (II).
Denver (II).
Honolulu (II).

*As here used, Persons symbolize forces of geography and history past and present;
Presences symbolize forces of nature and imagination.
The Roman Numerals signify that the Persons and Groups appear in Part I or Part II of the Masque. If they appear in the Prelude, or Interlude, the same is indicated in brackets.

2. CHORAL GROUPS

The River Spirits (I).
The Latin Nations (I).
The Mediæval Church (I).

The Pioneers (II).
The Earth Spirits (II).
The World Adventurers (II).
The War Demons (II).
The Dark Pageant (II).

3. PANTOMIME PERSONS

The Pioneer Wrestler (II).
The Tourney Rider (II).
The Brooding Child (II).

4. PANTOMIME GROUPS

Pioneer Wrestlers (II).
Earth Spirit Wrestlers (II).
Europe (II).
Africa (II).
Asia (II).
Australia (II).
The Ocean Islands (II).
The Knights (World Adventurers) (II).
Cities of the Rivers (II).
Cities of the Lakes (II).
Cities of the Eastern Sea (II).
Cities of the Western Sea (II).
Cities of the Mountains (II).
Cities of the Islands (II).
Group of the Federal Capital (II).
Cities of South America (II).
Cities of Canada (II).
Cities of England and Europe (II).

PERSONS AND PRESENCES

PRESENCES

1. SPEAKING PRESENCES

WÁSAPÉDAN, The Great Bear (I, II).
Imagination (II).

2. CHORAL PRESENCES

[SINGLE]

Hilóha — The Element of Heat (I, II).
Noohái — The Element of Cold (I, II).

[GROUPS]

The Wild Nature Forces (I).
THE STARS (I, II, Interlude).

3. PANTOMIME PRESENCES

[SINGLE]

The Life Spirit (Interlude).
The Eagle (II).

[GROUPS]

Spirits of the Mound Builders (Prelude).
Elves (I).
Will-o'-the-Wisps (I).
Dryads (I).
Fauns (I).
Spirits of the Years (Interlude).

CHORAL SONGS*

Chorus of the Wild Nature Forces (I).
Star Chorus to the Great Bear (I).
Chant of the River Spirits (I).
Hymn of the Latin Nations (I).

Star Chorus of the Climbing Years (Interlude).

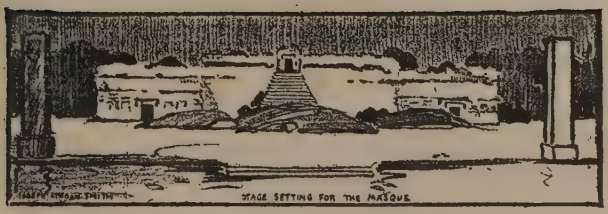
Chorus of the Pioneers (II).
Chorus of the Earth Spirits (II).
Chorus of the World Adventurers (II).
Dirge of the Women in Dun (II).
Star Chorus of the World Builders (II).

THE ACTION†

THE TIME‡

From the prehistoric age of the mound-builders in America to the present.

*See Appendix, page 88.
†See Appendix, page 90.
‡See Appendix, page 92.



THE SCENE

The immediate foreground is a wide band of water curving backward with symmetrical sweep and disappearing behind foliage.

Beheld across this water, the foreground of the stage is a vast plaza-space between two high towers.

At centre, from the water's edge, wide steps of stone ascend to the stage's level.

In the middle-ground, at centre, rises a flattened mound, to the level top of which rough steps lead up from the plaza. Rising from this mound-top level, steps mount to the entrance of a roofed shrine in semi-ruin. In this is a door with stone lintel. Above the roof is sculptured a huge semicircular symbol in stone.

From the plaza at equal distances to right and left, two lesser mounds rise bare.

In the background the façade of a great temple with two side wings (Mayan in architecture) shuts off the horizon. In these wings are gates of two wide entrances to the plaza. Near the top of the façade, along its full length, runs a stone jut, like the top of a Cyclopean wall.

Shrine, temple, and towers resemble, in their architecture and

carvings, the ancient Aztec and Mayan relics of Central America, in type Egyptian.

All the foregoing features of the scene, however, are invisible when the Masque begins, and are only gradually revealed by mystic lightings during the early course of the action.

PRELUDE

CAHÓKIA'S DREAM*

Out of complete darkness mysterious music rises, prelusive to the appearance of a visionary scene on the plaza.

There, before the central mound (as the music continues, descriptive), Spirits of the Mound-Builders perform the ceremonies of a prehistoric ritual.

Slowly the dreamy ceremony disappears, gathered back into the night, leaving only the smoke of the smoldering ritual fire.

*For fuller description see Appendix, page 85.

THE MASQUE

Part I

Now in total darkness, the mood of the music, changing, sweeps to a wild burst of brass and wood-winds, mingled with rolling thunder.

Simultaneously, as from mid-air, appear from tops of the towers two vast male figures, vaguely illumined — Hilóha and Noohái, the Elements of Heat and Cold.

From Noohái — sculptured all of ice — gusts of snow and sleet fall, flurrying. The other, Hilóha, carved as from flame, is swathed in cloud, through which sharp lightnings flicker.

From both these elemental figures bursts a great choral cry — each answering each through thunder — and the voice of each is as a male choir, crying "Cahókia!"

At their cry, a shaft of lightning reveals Cahókia plucked out of darkness on the mound below. Risen from behind the ritual smoke, he appears there a colossal masked form,* garbed like an Aztec Indian priest, seated alone before the temple-shrine.

Below him, mysterious, half-seen, at foot of the mound — crouched on its farther sides, and lurking in the dark background — brute-headed forms of the Wild Nature Forces move and mingle with glimmering limbs of savages.

*See Appendix, page 88.

Cahókia sits with lifted face.

Illumined intermittently by storm-flashes, he raises his arms and answers the cry of the Elements.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia! — Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hilóha, Hilóha, Noohái!
Eternal fire, eternal cold,
I feel you, and defy.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia! Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya! Alone —
Alone above the desert hemisphere
I rise from out my temple mound
And 'wait the coming world.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hearken, Hilóha! Wind of fire!
Hear me, Noohái, Lord of cold!

[As he speaks, the memories he describes are made visual by flitting vistas of scenes, illumined momentarily on the night background.]

Ten thousand moons, I reigned. Ten thousand moons
My vanished people piled these mounds
'Mid prayer and sacrifice — for me,
For me, their father and their sagamore.
And here I blessed their rites with social arts
And solemn festivals,
Till all their mounded homes were hives of song
Stored with wild honey of the earth and stars.—
Ai-ya! Where hive they now? On golden dawns
Who hears their seeding-song and harvest hymn?
Ai-ya! Their thousand moons
Are ashes, and my empire is a dream.

THE ELEMENTS

Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

Hearken, Hilóha, Noohái!
You now who mock me —
You have destroyed them,
My people! — Out of your icy
Caverns, Noohái, you loosened
The billowing herds of your bison
Over my cornlands, and wallowed
My beautiful gardens. — Hilóha,
You, then, you in your flame-cloud

Rose with your rivers, and flooded
My broken hives and my ruined
Temples. Ai-ya, my people!
Where are the tribes of Cahókia?
Lo, where the trails of twilight
Hide them, naked and scattered,
Luring them backward — backward
Deeper in primal darkness,
Masking with brutes, and mating
In lairs of the jungle. Lo, now,
They have forgotten their lordly
Arts and the songs of my altar —
All their great brotherhood. Yea, now,
They have forgotten Cahókia,
Me — me, their father!

[Below him, from the dim, crouching forms, breaks a low choral cry, mingled with wolf-barks, whinnying noises of beasts, and the far war-yells of savages.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Póoloo-poolóo-nool!

CAHÓKIA

Hark where they call now
Gods of their chaos!

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Tée-hooklerráh-tee!

CAHÓKIA

They have forgotten me!

[Amid gusts of screaming wind, Hilóha and Noohái on the high towers renew their lightning and thunder and hailing snow.

From below, the dissonant chorus rises harsher.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Yásca soomóohan
Noohái!
Póoloo-poolóo-nool
Hilóha!
Wássoo shaháygan
Tée-hooklerráh-tee
Noosái!

CAHÓKIA

O Night, and barking voices of wild fear,
Cry to your chaos!
Strike me, Hilóha! Freeze, Noohái!
Still I defy you!
For still I dream — and wait;

And watchful dreaming overcomes the world.
A thousand moons — they are a thousand sparks
Blown from the kindled pipe of dreaming Time.
Around his brow the cloudy incense curls,
The clay bowl belches, the red lavas glow,
And ashes darken as the dreams are born —
The dreams are born and rise from ruined worlds.

Ai-ya, my people departed!
Ai-ya, my temples forgotten!
Yet am I patient. —
Darken, Hilóha! Fade, Noohái!
Still, still beyond you
Glitter the glorious tribes of dreams eternal!

[While he has spoken, the fading apparitions of the Elements on the towers have vanished. And now, gradually — far up in the background above the Cyclopean wall of the temple-façade, and ranged glittering on its ramparts — appear the Spirits of the Stars, grouped in their constellations: Orion, the Pleiades, the Scorpion, etc. Highest over all — a vast, silhouetted bulk on the sky, twinkling with the seven lights of the "Dipper" — looms Wásapédan, the Great Bear.

While they are yet dawning, the Stars in chorus break into song — like the far carolling of choir-boys.]

CHORUS OF THE STARS

Wásapédan! Wásapédan!
Wake from your lair!
Watch through the dark your wild and
desert places:
Wonder is there.

CAHÓKIA

Lo, now, they rise in dreams and overwhelm you,
Hilóha, Noohái!
Hark, now, I hear them chanting, and Wásapédan,
Eternal watcher of the lidless eyes,
Wakes from his lair of stars.

CHORUS OF THE STARS

Wásapédan, the world is dim,
The way to beauty is far — is far,
And man, whose soul is a climbing star,
Man our brother — O comfort him!

We, his watchers, we wheel in choir
Of freedom calm and harmonious,
But man, who reaches and cries to us —
His guide is tempest, his paths are mire.

Slowly he builds his golden hives,
But the wild bees swarm to the winds again;

His towers they crumble, his toil is vain;
The sowers vanish, the seed survives.

Wásapédan, his ways are dim,
But ours are shining, ethereal:
And we, who hear him, his darkling call —
Our star-born brother! — will comfort him.

CAHÓKIA

O Voices of this solemn night, my soul!
O singing clans of darkness, grouped in glory!
You olden bards
Immortal as the childhood of the earth,
You, you, my elder brothers, ever young!
Sing me your tidings!

And you, O Wásapédan, ancient Bear,
Who by the Milky Way
Watch with your sevenfold eye the shimmering world —
Tell me what you behold beneath your gaze,
O Wásapédan!

WÁSAPÉDAN

[His voice is a deep male voice, echoed by choir-boy voices in antiphony.]

Hope I behold, Cahókia.

CAHÓKIA

What is the hope you behold there?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Life and new labor.

CAHÓKIA

Who brings me

Life out of death?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Mississippi.

CAHÓKIA

How shall his spirit restore me
Seed for new harvest?

WÁSAPÉDAN

He wanders

To ends of the earth.

CAHÓKIA

But what token

Has he attained there?

WÁSAPÉDAN

A child.

CAHÓKIA

Ha!

Child of my loins — of my red race

Shall he restore me, to build now
Mounds for my temples once more?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Nay!
Child of a new race he brings you —
Pale as a star-child, and starry
Glitters the sword in his hand.

CAHÓKIA

Now
Speak, Wásapédan! What means his
Sword and its mission?

WÁSAPÉDAN

He brings it
To fight for the rights of the star-born —
Freedom and brotherhood.

CAHÓKIA

So, then,
He shall inherit my battles
Bolder to wage them, and nobler
Temples to build on my mound-tops.
O Wásapédan, my heart beats
Higher to welcome him. When, ah,
When shall I greet him?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Behold him!
Lo, where the Father of Waters
Brings now the white child!

[From the sky region of the Bear, a shooting-star flies trailing across the dark and falls beyond the bend of the waters on the south. Following it with his gaze, Cahókia gives a long, joyous cry.]

CAHÓKIA

El-á-ho!

[Round the far bend of the waters appears the prow of an immense canoe, fantastic with totem carvings and ancient Mayan symbols. In the painted prow stands Mississippi — a masked figure of great stature, murky yellow, with huge flowing beard of yellow, and body adorned with river-reeds.

The canoe is manned by his River Spirits, of whom the central group bear upraised on their heads and bended arms a litter of rushes.

On this stands a little child — a strong-limbed boy — with golden hair. Beside him, perpendicular, shines a colossal sword.

Mysterious, the barge comes gliding. With rhythmic splash of paddles, the River Spirits raise now singly, now in chorus, their chanting song. Before them and circling them round, dark-stained swimmers plunge and gleam in the phosphorescent waters.

Wásapédan slowly fades from the sky.]

THE RIVER SPIRITS

[Chanting as they come.]

Áwwa, áwwa, támunóonoo!
Water-boy, water-boy,
Where shall we bear thee?
Séepoo, séepoo, ápilóssah!
River-child, river-child,
Where wilt thou rest?

Son of the sunrise,
Born of the sea-wave,
Here shall thy home be:
Far in the sunset,
Where the lone sagamore
Waits in the west.

Here his pale cornlands
Parch for thy coming:
Thou shalt restore them.
Here his dim forests,
Marshes and prayer-mounds
Greet thee their guest.

Here shall the earth spirits,
Iron-dumb ages,
Sing as they serve thee;

Here, the wild eagle
Tamed by thy sky-sword
Build thee his nest.

Áwwa, áwwa, wéeweethústin!
Water-star, water-star,
Bright is thy wonder!
Kéetsoo, kéetsoo, móiakéeta!
Conqueror, conqueror,
Here be thy quest!

[Disembarking at the central steps of stone, Mississippi moves toward the mound. Behind him flows, from his shoulders, an enormous undulating sachem's cloak, shimmering with pearly shells, and upheld by two score of his murky-limbed followers. Before him, high on the rush-litter, is borne the child. Still at a distance, Mississippi hails the giant figure on the mound.]

MISSISSIPPI

Éleo, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Answering.]

Yo, Mississippi!

MISSISSIPPI

[Approaching, pauses with his followers.]

I who of old
Bore to your people

Magical life
Out of my mystery,
I and my swimming
Sons now have borne you —
Out of the mist —
Hither this star-child.

CAHÓKIA

Dear is the star-child —
Darling as April
To my dark winter.

MISSISSIPPI

[Pointing toward the litter before him.]

Here for his hand
I bring this sword-blade:
Forged in star-fire
It fell in thunder
Flaming to his feet.
To-day too mighty
For him to heave it,
Yet on the morrow
It shall avail him.
So spoke the star-voice.

CAHÓKIA

Yea, Wásapédan's
Tongue has foretold
How he shall wield it
For freedom and brotherhood.

[Lifted from the litter, the child and sword are borne upward on shoulders of the River Spirits to the mound's top, and placed before Cahókia —the sword planted upright in the earth.]

MISSISSIPPI

Here on your ancient
Mound — here I leave them:
Cherish the child;
Guard well his token.

[Turning, Mississippi departs with the Spirits, and re-embarks. Standing once more in his prow, he calls back toward the mound.]

Éleo, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Answering.]

Yo, Mississippi!

[Moving toward the north, the paddled canoe and the swimmers disappear at the bend of waters, chanting again their song:

Áwwa, áwwa, wéeweethústin!
Water-star, water-star,
Bright is thy wonder!

As the chant dies away, Cahókia gazes at the child, who stands beneath the hilt of the shining sword. While Cahókia speaks, the child approaches him and nestles against his vast knees.]

CAHÓKIA

Rejoice, O heart of pain! Be glad!
My dream is a strong child. — Rejoice,
Dear starry voices of my soul!
My dream is a fair child, and shall go forth
Amid the strength of men, to vanquish there
The dreamless multitudes, and smite
The blind with vision. — Sing, O heart of peace!
For all that through unnumbered ages slept
Dark and unused, has waked in him, to build
New mounds of wonder. — Old! Old! I am old!
But he is young;
Ah, he is stripling, bold and wildly fair:
My dream is a strong child, and shall restore me!

[At his exultant cry, Hilóha and Noohái — on their towers — flicker palely to life again; quick thunder rolls menacingly; the Wild Nature Forces crowd forward out of the dusk, resuming their chorus.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Yásca soomóohan,
Noohái!

CAHÓKIA

[Reaching for the child in dread.]

Hearken! the tribes of darkness cry once more.
They rise to claim him, too! — Ai-ya, my dream!
Old, I am old, and cannot war to save thee!

[With loud yellings, the Wild Nature Forces leap up from their places of shadow, and from behind them, through the deep entrances at back, hundreds more of their fierce shapes — forms masked with heads of wolves, bison, bears, and horned antelopes, garbed like aborigines in hides of beasts — rush forward tumultuous, in live, rhythmic waves, and surround the mound. There, mingled with feathered Indians, they dance wildly to the war-beat of tom-toms, and the chant of their ululating cries.]

THE WILD NATURE FORCES

Póoloo-poolóo-nool
Hilóha!
Wáhsoo shaháygan
Tée-hooklerráh-tee
Noosái!

[Circling nearer in their dance, the wild forms swarm upward and close in around Cahókia and the child.]

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya, my star-child!
Wield thy great sword now
And save thee.

[Stepping forward beside the enormous upright sword, the child clutches it with both hands, and struggles to raise it.

Slowly he does so, staggering beneath its bulk.

Pausing in their dance, the beast faces stare at him startled, glowering, murmurous.

Returning their gaze boldly, the child stands watching with arms upraised. Holding above him the glittering sword, the huge blade wavers there and sways in his small grasp.

So, for a silent instant, he faces the wild hordes.

Suddenly, then, from the south bend of the waters below, resounds the deep boom of a gun.

The wild forms turn their heads, harking.

It booms again.

Tossing their horns, with sharp clamor, the wild shapes swarm down the mound sides, and pause there.

A third time it booms. They rush into the darkness and vanish.

Above, on the mound, the great sword falls from the hands of the child.]

CAHÓKIA

[Reaching his arms.]

Wonder and awe they have saved thee!

Come to me, star-child!

[The child laughs aloud and runs to him, climbing to his knee. There he stands upright, alert, watching the far bend of the waters.

Behind them in the heavens, the Great Bear glows again and calls.]

WÁSAPÉDAN

Cahókia!

[Hearing the starry choir-voice, the child starts and looks upward.

Cahókia points with his hand.

The child turns and gazes.]

CAHÓKIA

Lo, Wásapédan!—He watches
Once more the waters.

[Calling.]

Who comes now,
O Wásapédan?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Discoverers.

CAHÓKIA

Whence have they wandered? Who are they?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Out of the loins of Rome,
Sired by olden Apollo,
Sprang they:
Flaunting their lilies and lions,
Speaking with mouths of fire,
Bearing the cross of the Crucified,
They wander the world!

CAHÓKIA

Dark are your words to me.

WÁSAPÉDAN

Bright are their banners!
Behold them!

[Fading swiftly, Wásapédan disappears.

Below on the water a flush, as of dawn, spreads rapidly. Out of the dawning rises the chant of male choirs, singing the "Veni Creator." The sound draws nearer. Round the river bend now enters a pageant of ships.*

First and unobtrusive, in dusk light, while Wásapédan is still speaking, has come a group of simple canoes of bark, in which are monks and priests in brown and black, bearing wooden crosses. These are followed by a burst of ruddy light, through which emerge the prows and decks of mediæval galleons.

*See Appendix, page 89.

Bristling with spears and rich standards, mounted with cannon, flaunting the flags and insignia of France and Spain, the ships come sailing toward the steps of landing. Their rowlocks are manned with mediæval sailors, their decks crowded with men and women of the Latin nations, brilliantly clothed.

In the central ship of all, rounding from the middle above the highest deck, rises a glowing sphere. On this is a group of three male figures, masked.

Highest sits one in black, cowled and robed. His face looks upward, he holds a cross of gold. Lower on either side two others sit, gazing far off. One is garbed as a Knight in semi-armor; his aspect is Spanish; he holds a cup in his hand; beside him is a standard with lions. The other is garbed as a Trapper, a woodsman with head plumed; his aspect is French; in one hand he holds a trap; beside him is a banner with lilies.

In the wake of the decked ships follows a group of barges, splendid with banners of the Church, shining with silver crosses, scarlet and gold with ecclesiastics and choirs. From these choir-barges rises the solemn song of "Veni Creator Spiritus."

On shore, following the course of the river, a mediæval land procession meets the onward-moving water pageant at the central landing.

Disembarking there in many-hued lights as of sunrise, the mediæval groups and processions of Church and Nations mount the now brightening spaces of the wide plaza, and, spreading, range themselves rank upon rank, coloring the fore and middle ground with stately groupings,

which leave a broad central aisle leading to the steps of the mound.

Up this aisle-space from the shore moves a dreamy float, previously disembarked from the deck of the central ship.

The float consists of the glowing sphere, darkened by the masked figures of the Discoverers. Drawn by Elves and Will-o'-the-wisps, and followed by groups of Dryads and Fauns, it moves to the foot of the mound and pauses there.

Cahókia addresses the figures. The child climbs down between his feet and stands listening.]

CAHÓKIA

What heroes are you, who have come
Over the waters,
With chanting strange to my ears?
You of the lions, what are you?
Why have you come?

[As Cahókia speaks, the glowing sphere turns dark, and one of the seated figures — the Knight with the standard of lions — flames with sudden radiance, and a trumpet sounds as he answers:]

THE ONE WITH THE LIONS

Imaginers of the old world
We come to discover:
New fountains of life are our quest.
This cup in my hand I have borne

To fill from your deserts, but there
The will-o'-the wisps and the elves
They lured me to drought.
Yet here to your ancient mound
They have drawn me now, to do homage
Here to the white child.

[As he concludes, a group of the Elves carrying long cat-tails dart up the steps of the mound to the level space. There, as the child, curious, steps forward, they encircle him, dancing, waving their spear-topped rushes.

Below, on the plaza level, before the float, the other Elves and Will-o'-the-wisps dance in mysterious rings, flickering their swamp-lights. Dancing thus for a moment, they suddenly cease at the sound of a horn. Those on the mound fling high their cat-tail spears and scurry downward back to the lower level, behind the float and the mound. There the figure of the Knight has grown dark.

The child, seizing one of the rush spears and flinging it high, laughs up at Cahókia, who speaks again. As he speaks, the second figure on the sphere — the Trapper — glows with flame light.]

CAHÓKIA

And you of the lilies, whose call
Is a winding horn, what brings
You from the sunrise?

[Again the mellow horn sounds and the Figure answers:]

THE ONE WITH THE LILIES

The lure of the sunset — the gold
Of hazard, the joy of adventure:
I came to discover
Furs in your forest, but there
Dryads and fauns of my dreams
They followed to snare me bewildered
And trapped me, the trapper.
Yea, here to your ancient mound
They follow me now, to do homage
Here to the white child.

[As he stops speaking, a group of little Fauns — garbed as squirrels and lynxes — spring up the steps of the mound and gambol before the child, flaunting their purple fleur-de-lis in their dance.

Below, meanwhile, on the plaza-space, wild troops of Dryads — with chaplets and zones of blue lilies — dance before the sphere.

The stroke of a big bell brings the dance to pause.

On the mound the Fauns shower the child with fleur-de-lis and then scatter downward, all retiring as before behind the mound.

On the darkened sphere now the Figures again are dark. Cahókia speaks, and while he does so, the central cowled Figure in black — the One with the Cross — glows upward as with purple fire.]

CAHÓKIA

But you, in the gown of night,
Whose call is a golden bell,
What fiery sign do you bring
Yonder? — Why come you?

[Again the deep bell sounds, as the Figure answers:]

THE ONE WITH THE CROSS

I come to discover — and heal.
I bring the Cross
To feed new tribes with its fire;
For the fire I bring burns not
But heals the burning;
And the rod I bring is a Shepherd's,
And the lilies He sends are white,
And His lilies I bring now, to christen
Yonder the white child.

[As he concludes, choir-boys in vestments of white, led by priests in black, mount the steps of the mound, bearing white liles and chanting low the "Veni Creator."

Surrounding the child with their lilies, they raise the fallen sword and plant it again upright in the earth.

Beside it the child kneels down.

Once more the solemn bell sounds as the One with the Cross speaks in a deep voice:]

Now in the name of the Christ,
Brother and lover of man,
Rise and receive thy name:
Rise — Saint Louis!

[The child rises and touches the sword with his hand. As he does so, a burst of bells peals forth, resounding their chimes far across the water; the throngs of the Latin Nations raise their standards, the priests their banners, and thousands of voices shout with a vast shout:

SAINT LOUIS!

Simultaneously above the shrine, the semicircular symbol of the ancient ritual crumbles and disappears, and supplanting it — out of the air — appears a colossal cross burning with white fire.

With the echoing cry of "*Saint Louis,*" * all the participants in the scene, raising a hymn in chorus, begin now a stately moving pageant, marching by groups and blending toward the huge exits in the background. There, as they disappear, the hymn dies in the distance.]

THE HYMN

[Chanted by all in chorus.]

Veni, creator Spiritus,
mentes tuorum visita,
imple superna gratia
quæ tu creasti pectora:

*See Appendix, page 89.

qui Paraclitus diceris,
donum Dei altissimi,
fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
et spiritalis unctio.

tu septiformis munere,
dextræ Dei tu digitus,
tu rite promisso Patris
sermone ditas guttura.

accende lumen sensibus,
infunde amorem coribus,
infirma nostri corporis
virtute firmans perpeti.

hostem repellas longius,
pacemque dones protinus;
ductore sic te prævio
vitemus omne noxium.

per te sciamus da Patrem,
noscamus atque Filium,
te utriusque Spiritum
credamus omni tempore.

sit laus Patri cum Filio,
sancto simul Paraclito,
nobisque mittat Filius
charisma sancti Spiritus.
Amen.

[The full radiance which illumined the foreground has grown dim with the departing pageant, and now, to the far echoes, only Cahókia and the Child (still backed by the group of choir-boys) remain on the twilit mound.

Before them, the cross-hilt of the upright sword stands gleaming; behind and above, the vaster Cross glows solemnly. Beyond it, from the sky, Wásapédan dawns again.

Cahókia reaches his arms toward the Child, and speaks in deep tones.]

CAHÓKIA

Child of my ancient dream
Born from deep waters,
Hearken the olden voice
That spoke to *me* as a child,
O little Saint Louis.

SAINT LOUIS

[Gazing upward.]

I hearken, Cahókia!

CAHÓKIA

[Calling aloud.]

Wásapédan! Wásapédan! Reveal —
Reveal now his mission!

WÁSAPÉDAN

Hearken the law of the stars: —
Out of the formless void
Beauty and order are born.
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of our dance.
Brother with brother
Sharing our light,
Build we new worlds
With ancient fire.
Only together
Lovers are free:
Love is our labor,
So labor is joy.

[Wásapédan fades and vanishes.]

CAHÓKIA

Child, dost thou hearken?

SAINT LOUIS

I hark!
I hark — and will remember!

CAHÓKIA

Feel, then, that voice as a flame
To kindle the blade of thy sword.
Fight with the formless void
For beauty and order to triumph. —
Bear now Saint Louis his sword
Before him into my temple —
Mine now no more!
Gods and their sybils depart:
God is eternal.

[Uplifting the great sword, the choir-boys bear it horizontally before Saint Louis up the steps into the temple shrine. In the doorway the Child turns and stretches forth his arms to Cahókia, who calls:]

Farewell, Saint Louis! — Remember!

SAINT LOUIS

I will remember, Cahókia!

[Bending his arm to his face, he goes into the temple.

For an instant, on the tops of the towers, the vague forms of the Elements flicker ruddily.

Low thunder murmurs.

Cahókia upraises both arms. Before him a mist begins to rise. He calls in the pausing thunder:]

CAHÓKIA

Ai-ya, Hilóha, Noohái!
You, too, I leave now.

No more shall Cahókia dwell
Upon the earth.
His memory shall be as a flintshard,
His name — a mound.
For now will I sleep with my people. —
O glad I lie down with my people
To slumber there;
For I am old, old — forgotten;
But not my Dream:
My Dream is a strong child, and shall survive me!

[The upcreeping mists cover now in clouds all but his lifted face.]

Dawn — dawn, you holy stars!
Hail, Wásapédan!

[Swathed now in the risen mists, his giant form is wholly hidden.

A gust of wind blows the mists, dispersing them.

Nothing is there.

Above the temple, the faint cross pales and vanishes.

All now is silence — and the dark.

INTERLUDE

Out of the dark — mellow, shrilly-sweet, far — sounds now the chorus of Stars.

These, as they dawn in the background, cluster the sky-plane with their constellations.

Meanwhile, as their voices hold the listening ear, a dreamy pageant, far up, lures the eye of the beholder.

From behind the shadowy height of the temple wings, a moving frieze of figures appears, ascending through solemn lights, and passes along the top from either wing to the centre of the main façade — a frieze symbolic of the passing years, the falling, faltering, onward groping souls of human generations, as they vaguely aspire from the dusk.

Among the contrasted groupings of Day and Night, Faith and Doubt, Maid and Mother, and labor-bowed Man, moves the Life Spirit — a flame-colored Figure with wings, beckoning them onward, and followed ardently by groups of children and strong youths.

CHORUS OF THE STARS

What of the years — the years —
As they yearn on earth?
Day and dark are their gliding tears,
And the heart of man is their urn,
And maiden brings flame and mother gives birth
As they yearn.

What of the souls — the souls
As they climb toward God?
Doubt and faith are their darkling goals,
And they soar, or sink in the slime,
And demon clambers where angel trod,
As they climb.

Lonely they wander, apart
From the joy they cherish:
Lonely of heart
They perish,

Only to rise again
At the fall of an angel's feather,
Out of their separate pain
Climbing together.

Lord of the years — the years
As they yearn from earth,
Life goes forth with his pioneers,
And the planets shake as he sings,
And out of the slime he laughs in the mirth
Of his wings.

[Attaining the centre verge of the façade wall, the flame-colored Figure looses there a live bird. Instantly around it, from the air, hundreds of other live wings burst into light — white doves that hover upward swaying, and beat against the dark in circling splendor.

So, like a mirage, the pageant vanishes.]

THE MASQUE

Part II

Below now — in the foreground plane — the mound and temple again become visible.

Within the temple-shrine slowly a ruddy glow appears and increases.

From the background, low rumbling begins, as of drums; from far off come male voices singing in chorus — a trampling music, which deepens and increases.

THE CHORUS

Where shall we camp — camp — camp
When the blinding day is over?
On the coyote's track,
Where the ford runs black,
And the wood-cat cries
When the wolf creeps back,
And our stallions stamp — stamp,
With the hungering wind for stover.

[The marching of many people now is heard through the great entrances in the background, and there the Pioneers begin to pour through in thronging groups.

Around them the chorus of unseen singers grows loud and resounding.]

CHORUS OF PIONEERS

What were we told — told — told
By our smouldering fires in story?
How the rivers run
To the sunken sun
Over blood-bright sand,
And every one
Is bloody with gold — gold,
And their torrents are red with its glory.

[Garbed like miners and rangers, carrying axes, picks, scythes, rifles, etc., the Pioneers move forward, marching in widespread numbers, to the right and front of the mound.

In their midst rides a tall Figure (the Pioneer), garbed like the others, but masked in a sculptured face of rugged feature. Mounting the lesser mound on the right, he pauses there, grouped about by his foot followers.

Meanwhile the chorus becomes, for the filling plaza spaces, a reverberating background of song.]

CHORUS OF PIONEERS

Whom shall we call — call — call
In our hunger of life to feed us?
On the heart that's young
With a song unsung,
And the hand that reaps
Where the grain is flung,

And the forests fall — fall:
In the lust of our youth he shall lead us!

[Seated upon his horse upon the lesser mound, the Pioneer lifts one arm and fires in the air a pistol shot, calling aloud:]

THE PIONEER

Saint Louis!

ALL THE OTHERS

[Raising their axes and weapons, with a great shout.]

Saint Louis! Saint Louis!

[From within the mound-shrine the glow has increased to a brilliant radiance, through which now comes forth the shining figure of a Youth, clothed in the silvery chain-armor of a crusader, with mantle of white. In his fillet burns a white star.

Pausing at the top of the temple steps, he holds before him the glowing sword.]

THE YOUTH

Who calls Saint Louis?

THE PIONEER

Your comrades of life:

We, — pioneers.

THE OTHERS

Pioneers!

SAINT LOUIS

Hail! — Glad hail,
Comrades — my comrades! What tidings?

THE PIONEER

We bear
Tidings of labor and battle: Our trails
Blaze with desire and danger and hope
Born of to-day. For to-morrow is dim,
Yesterday — dead. But to-day, here are fields
Waiting to sow; here are forests to fell,
Floods to span, mines to shaft, blood to spill, wives to win,
Cities to stablish. Now lead us, to-day!
Lead us, Saint Louis!

THE OTHERS

Lead us, Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

My comrades, your call
Quickens my heart! for you call in my name
More than myself. Now within me you call
America — youth — our dear country, and these —
These make answer: Yes! — Yes, I will lead you to-day!

THE PIONEER

Show us your sign.

THE OTHERS

Show your sign!

SAINT LOUIS

See — this sword!
Here on this mound I received it — a child,
Handed me down from the night and the stars.
Lo, on my brow that remembrance still burns!
Now for our day this shall be as an axe,
Yea, as a scythe, as a spade, and a lance,
Sharpened to serve and to lead you in fight.

THE PIONEER

Hail to the sword!

THE OTHERS

Hail the sword!

SAINT LOUIS

O my friends,
Comrades in hope and desire! Our dreams —
All the young lusts of our hearts — shall be ours,
Won by this sword, and the strength of your hands!
Not — not alone will I wield it: but you —
All of you — with me! What now can withstand —
Who shall defy us?

[To the glad ringing of his voice, suddenly a huge rumbling answers; an earthquake shock totters the temple shrine; Saint Louis staggers, the sword is flung from his hands, the thronging Pioneers sway, grasp the air startled, or fall to the ground, as the earth at the foot of the mound opens with ruddy light, and a tall athlete form, all golden, emerges like a spirit, and stands below Saint Louis, uplifting his menacing sceptre.]

THE SPIRIT

I — *I* and my serfs,
We, the Earth Spirits, defy you!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Staring and pointing.]

Gold! Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Starting up and grasping his sword.]

Spirit, what are you? Speak!

THE SPIRIT

Gold! — I am Gold:
I am the element, earthborn to be
Master and maker of men. To my wand
All the earth elements rise from their mire
Minions of me — *me*, their spokesman and lord.
Lo, now, behold where they rise!

[Lifting his wand, he calls]:

Ho! — Ee-yo!
Copper and Silver! — Yo, Iron and Glass!
Lead and Aluminum! — Ho, from your loins
Brass and bright Steel, and more of your mating!
Yo, now — all molten — arise, and among you
Forest, and Fur of the forest — upstand!
Rise to my power and grapple with man!

[To his call and lifted sceptre, the ground, opening now in various places, belches forth green, blue, yellow, and silver fire, through which pour upward the Earth Spirits. Large athlete forms, laden with gleaming chains, they group themselves about the central masked figures of the several Elements.

Among them, through shadowy twilight, rise Forest and Fur and their sylvan followers.

While their shapes are thus appearing, the chorus of their subterranean voices rises with them.]

CHORUS OF THE EARTH SPIRITS

Out of the womb of earth
Old, old
We come to birth:
Chained to the sward
We serve thee, our lord
Gold!

Czars of all weaker,
The soul of our seeker
We slay:
Slaves of the vaster
Soul who can master —
Him we obey.
Who is more lordly than Gold? —
Let him be bold!
Only our lord we obey.

GOLD

Welcome, my earth-people!

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Ee-yo! Ee-yo!

THE PIONEER

Look where they stand and defy us! Saint Louis,
Lead us, Saint Louis!

THE PIONEERS

Lead us, Saint Louis!

GOLD

[Tauntingly.]

Saint Louis! — A bout!
So I make challenge!

[He hurls his wand of gold at Saint Louis' feet. Saint Louis seizes it up, and lifts it high.]

SAINT LOUIS

So, Gold, I accept!
Beautiful, strong are your Earth Spirits — yours
Henceforth no more, but mine, mine! From your power
Now I will free them: Their chains shall be loosed;
Girders and intricate wheels shall they forge
Henceforth to serve me and Him whom I serve;
Wings for their glorious bodies, yea wings
Shall raise them to strive for my race of the stars.
Stand forth, my comrades — you, Pioneers!
One I will choose now to wrestle with Gold.
Choose you the others, to grapple with yonder
Earth Spirits.

[From the Pioneers a band of athlete wrestlers, flinging off their cloaks, step forward with a shout:]

THE WRESTLERS

Hail! — Hail, Saint Louis!

[At a sign from Gold, a band of the Earth Spirits stride forward from the other side, calling aloud:]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Hail, Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Pointing his sword toward the tallest of the wrestlers.]

Him now I choose, to meet Gold.

[From the sword's blade a flying globe of fire falls at the feet of the wrestler.]

Come before me!

GOLD

Now meet with your match, Pioneer! — To the mound!

[Springing forward, the Wrestler mounts the mound steps, together with Gold, and stands on the level space below Saint Louis.]

SAINT LOUIS

Now in my name, Pioneer, wrestle well! —
Ready!

THE WRESTLERS AND EARTH SPIRITS

[Below.]

Ho, ready!

[Above, on the mound, the chosen Wrestler and Gold, stripped to grapple, confront each other.

Below, on the cleared central space of the plaza, the athlete Pioneers and Earth Spirits — a band of some hundred or more, opposed in couples — stand with arms reached, awaiting the signal. The bodies of the Earth Spirits are still bound about by their metal chains.

On the highest step before the temple's entrance, Saint Louis raises his sword perpendicularly and cries aloud:]

SAINT LOUIS

Now!

[Swiftly bringing down the sword, he strikes it clanging on the stone.

Above and below, on the two levels, the wrestlers grapple — the lower level lying in half shadow.

Clutching, swaying, sliding in lights and glooms, the wonderful bodies strain for victory.

Massed on either side, the crowded Pioneers and Earth Spirits watch and murmur.

Suddenly Saint Louis lets fall his sword, and grasps toward his fillet.

Gold has downed the Pioneer, and a vast exulting shout rises from the watching Earth Spirits.]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Gold! Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

[Calls above them.]

One down!

Stay!

[Below, on the plaza level, the Wrestlers pause momentarily. Saint Louis strides down the steps toward Gold and the Pioneer Wrestler, reaching his hand toward the latter.]

Take the star!

GOLD

Ho, I win!

SAINT LOUIS

Two in three!

[To the Wrestler.]

Rise, Pioneer, and wear now this star!

[Plucking the star from his fillet, Saint Louis hands it, glowing, to the Wrestler, who places it on his own forehead, where it shines.]

None can down Gold who fights for himself.
Fight for our star! Wrestle well!

[Ascending again, Saint Louis lifts his sword perpendicularly for the sign.]

Ready! — Now!

[Again the sword clangs.
Again the wrestling proceeds on both levels.
Now Saint Louis raises his sword horizontally, and a great, joyous cry breaks from the watching Pioneers.
The Wrestler has downed Gold.]

THE PIONEERS

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

SAINT LOUIS

Still once more!
Hold! — The third bout: — Ready! — Now!

[Again the sword clangs.

The wrestlers clutch.

On the shadowy lower level, the silent grappling grows more keen, and many are downed on both sides. But the eyes of the watchers are riveted on the illumined mound.

There now Saint Louis' sword swings outward again horizontally.

Gold is downed again, and the watching Pioneers shout more wildly.]

THE PIONEERS

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

[The clamor grows tumultuous and, swelling above the shouts, the song of the deep chorus reverberates once more.]

[CHORUS]

Whom shall we call — call — call
In our hunger of life to feed us?
On the heart that's young
With a song unsung,
And the hand that reaps
Where the grain is flung,
And the forests fall — fall:
In the lust of our youth he shall lead us!

[SHOUTS]

Louis! Saint Louis! The Star!

[In the foreground, the Wrestling Pioneers have led to the foot of the mound the conquered Earth Spirits, who kneel there below Saint Louis — each beside his opponent, who stands.

Great green and gray banners of Forest and Fur are held by the other Pioneers, at left and right.

Saint Louis, receiving back the star from the Wrestler, speaks from above to those below.]

SAINT LOUIS

Comrades, the star — our star is victorious!
Rise now, my Earth Spirits! — You, Pioneers,
Strike off their chains now: wings shall be theirs —
Wings! — for to-morrow they fly in my service.

[The Earth Spirits rise, and their chains are struck off by their conquerors.

Meanwhile Gold, who has lain crouched beneath the winning Wrestler, leaps to his feet with a defiant gesture, and cries to Saint Louis:]

GOLD

Strike off their chains, O Saint Louis! yet I —
I will forge new ones to fetter their wings!
Gold is not downed by one wrestling. Farewell!
Fare worse, for again I will meet and defy you!

[Seizing up his fallen sceptre, Gold springs to the back edge of the mound and stands there for an instant.]

SAINT LOUIS

Welcome the grappling, whenever we meet!
Hail, Gold!

GOLD

[Raising his sceptre, threateningly.]

Long hail — and defiance!

[With a last fierce gesture, Gold plunges into the darkness behind the mound.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Pointing to the Earth Spirits, speaks to those who stand guard over them.]

Release them!

[To mysterious blowing of unseen trumpets, the Earth Spirits pass, with their loosened chains, behind the great banners and emerge on the other side, clothed in fiery wings of many colors, like the hues of their own metallic bodies.

Saint Louis speaks to all assembled.]

SAINT LOUIS

Now freedom and strong brotherhood prevail
Amongst us, and the soul of these be blown
World-far — America!

[Like an echo, magnified by a multitude of voices far away, a choral answer comes murmuring: "America!"

Saint Louis starts and listens.

Then a deep Voice — circled as with boy choirs — resounds from the sky, but no visual sign appears there.]

THE VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Hark!

What voice?

THE VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Wásapédan's voice!

He calls, even as of old.

THE VOICE

They come.

SAINT LOUIS

Who come,

O darkling voice?

THE VOICE

The World Adventurers.

[From the right background there enters now a multitude of men and women, garbed in the native costumes of all nations.

Preëminent among them, on horseback, ride five masked

figures, symbolic of Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia and the Ocean Islands. These take their stands in various parts of the plaza, right, surrounded by their followers.

On the lesser mound, Europe towers highest from amongst them.

As the multitude enters and moves forward, marching, voices of the unseen chorus (male and female voices) precede and resound from their midst.]

CHORUS OF THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

A star — a star in the west!
Out of the wave it rose:
And it led us forth on a world-far quest;
Where the mesas scorched and the moorlands froze
It lured us without rest:
With yearning, yearning — ah!
It sang (as it beckoned us)
A music vast, adventurous —
America!

[Merging their ranks with the Pioneers, who welcome them in pantomime, the World Adventurers mass themselves about the central and the lesser mound (on the right), while the chorus still resounds.]

CHORUS OF THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

A star — a star in the night!
Out of our hearts it dawned!
And it poured within its wonderful light;

Where our hovels gloomed and our hunger spawned
It healed our passionate blight:
And burning, burning — ah!
It clanged (as it kindled us)
Of a freedom, proud and perilous —
America!

[Raising his standard from the heights of the lesser mound, the masked Figure of Europe hails Saint Louis.]

EUROPE

American! — In you, young Pioneer,
We greet the conquering star which lures the world.
America, who cradled you as child —
A wastrel Moses 'mid wild river-reeds —
Now calls your prime to lead the tribes of man,
And I, who gat you heroes from my loins,
I, Europe, cry as spokesman of these tribes:
Give welcome to these World Adventurers,
Who come to blend their blood and toil with yours.

[Europe dips his standard toward Saint Louis, who returns the salute with his sword.]

SAINT LOUIS

Welcome! Thrice welcome, World Adventurers!
Hail them, my Pioneers!

THE PIONEERS

[With hearty shout.]

Good hunting, all!

[Pointing upward their rifles and guns, they shoot an echoing volley into the air.]

THE WORLD ADVENTURERS

[Waving their national emblems, shout in reply:]

Huzza, Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

We, who in old times
Hunted each other, hunt together now
The quarries of the world: freedom and joy
And lasting brotherhood. Our trails are cleared;
The Earth Spirits are tamed. What can withstand —
Who shall defy us now?

[At his confident cry, flame and thunder burst from the top of the storm-tower on the left; hurtling toward the mound, a blazing bomb explodes in mid air; and plunging forward from the dark below the tower, a masked Rider, clothed in blood-red mail, gallops his blood-red horse midway of the plaza, and halts with harsh yell.]

THE RIDER

War — war defies!

[Reining his horse, he brandishes backward his sanguine lance toward the darkness, and shouts:]

Maché!

[Immediately from the obscure background and side entrances (left) there pours in, pell mell, a fierce horde of his demon followers — vivid in scarlet, purple, yellow, black, and sharp contrasting colors, panoplied in the varied accoutrements of war, ancient and oriental.

At their head rides Gold, returning on a horse of gold.

The hordes enter screaming, to the rumbling of drums, and swarm over the plaza spaces on the left, surrounding the War Demon, where he sits high on his gule-bright horse on the lesser mound. Around him, like the hosts of Darius, his followers stretch to the darkness. In the background, long lances, bearing spiked human heads, loom from behind him.]

THE WAR DEMONS

[Yelling, as they sweep forward.]

Maché! Maché! Maché!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Raising their weapons and standards, start toward them.]

Saint Louis and victory!

SAINT LOUIS

[Putting to his lips a trumpet, blows it, and then calls:]

Pioneers! Americans! My countrymen!

HIS FOLLOWERS

[Pausing, shout in answer:]

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Halt! A parley with this host:
Hail, Gold! You are returned!

GOLD

[Who sits, mounted, beside the War Demon:]

I am returned,
And bring new hordes in vengeance.

SAINT LOUIS

A new fall
You ride to! — What are these?

GOLD

My mercenaries:
Still, old as time, they do my will to-day.

SAINT LOUIS

But not to-morrow!

[Pointing:]

Who is he?

GOLD

My tool
And mightiest minion — War.

[To the Demon:]

Declare our challenge!

WAR

[To Saint Louis:]

A million hearts have dyed me in these gules:
The hearth fires of a million homes my horse
Has stamped to ashes. In the name of saints
And saviors I have served my master, Gold.
Once more I serve him. All your proudest dreams,
Saint Louis, I defy, and challenge — so!

[He hurls toward Saint Louis a bomb, which bursts above the mound in falling fire.]

SAINT LOUIS

And so, War, I accept your challenge!

[He plucks again the star from his fillet, and holds it upward, glowing.

A troop of the World Adventurers, clad as knights, ride forward from the right. Their leader is clothed like Saint Louis.]

THEIR LEADER

[Raising his lance.]

Choose,
Saint Louis! Choose from us!

SAINT LOUIS

You, then, I choose
To fight with War. The victor holds the field.
Receive our star, and wear it in the tourney.

[From Saint Louis' hand, a Herald bears the star to the Tourney Rider, who places it shining in his helmet.

The others draw back.

From either side, mounted on their mailed horses, the white Tourney Rider and the crimson War Demon confront each other.

From above, Saint Louis lifts his perpendicular sword and calls:]

Ho, ready ! — Ride!

[The sword point clangs on the stone.

With lances set, the antagonists spur toward each other.

From both sides great shouts go up, and continue clamorously as the riders meet in shock, draw back, and plunge again.]

THE WAR DEMONS

Niké! Niké! Kai Thanatos!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

Victory and Life!

[The tournament continues fiercely.

In the conflict their lances are shattered.

World Adventurer and War Demon draw then their swords and strike at each other.

Amid din of the watching hosts, Saint Louis' champion strikes from the War Demon his helmet and unhorses him.

The clamor grows wilder.

Seeing the plight of War, Gold rides to the fallen Demon, who reaches to his stirrup and, mounting with him, is

whirled away (left) into the darkness, amidst the stampede and rout of the Demon hordes.

With exulting shouts, the Pioneers and Adventurers are starting to pursue, when — above the mound-shrine — appears an enormous star, burning whitely.

Below it Saint Louis puts once more the trumpet to his lips, blows loud, and calls again.]

SAINT LOUIS

The star!

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Pausing, dazzled, screen their eyes and cry out:]

The star! The star!

[Above, the apparition vanishes.
Below, the hordes of War disappear.]

SAINT LOUIS

Our star has won!
Remember the star's voice: Not vengeance — peace!
Peace, and the law of brothers! — O my brothers,
Hark where the demon's rout dies moaning. Peace!
The star is holy where forgiveness burns.
Our flag is bright with stars of brotherhood.

[A herald has brought from the shrine a great folded banner of the American colors, wreathed, and holds it beside Saint Louis.

Saint Louis lifts it above the assembled peoples, who bow down with a deep murmur.]

ALL

America! — Our stars!

[The Tourney Rider has mounted the temple steps with his shattered lance, and hands to Saint Louis the star from his helmet.

Saint Louis takes it, and hands to him in return the color standard, which the Rider bears with him aside.]

SAINT LOUIS

The wounds of War
Are healed in that remembrance.

[To the Rider:]

You fought well.

[To the Assemblage:]

Comrades, what lurking foes waylay our path
When loudest swells our boast! Let our crusade
Champion the stars, but first ourselves be clean!
Yonder — ah, yonder, even from our own midst,
What shapes of sorrow and unclean despair
Rise in our path once more! Hark now: what dirge?
What stifled cry? — (pointing) — That frail, unhappy one!
Who — who are they that trail her robe forlorn?

[From amidst the crowded groups on the right, faintly a dirge of women's voices has begun to lift in low wailing.]

THE DIRGE

To some, to some — the heart's desire;
To us, to us — heart's moan:
To some, ah, some — the kindling fire;
To us — the cold hearth-stone.
Ah, holy One!
For them — the smile of valor;
For us — the pallor, the pallor:
Oh, for the sun!
The sun!

[The bright-colored crowd, now parting, draw back with startled and pitying gestures, revealing in their midst groups of haggard women and forlorn children, old men bowed over, and young men darkly brooding: among them, a masked female Form in black, a scarlet band about her forehead.

Chanting their dirge, the dun-colored pageant moves haltingly toward the mound.

Last in the pageant walks a tall Figure completely hooded in black featureless mask, and straight-robed in black.

Moving below the mound, the masked Woman's form raises her thin hands toward Saint Louis, as the dirge continues.]

DIRGE OF THE WOMEN IN DUN

A soul — a soul to bear the child!
A soul — to bear the scorn!

And some to clasp the undefiled,
And we — the love unborn!
Ah, lonely God!
For some — the lover, the neighbor;
For us — the labor, the labor:
Oh, for the sod!
The sod!

SAINT LOUIS

[Gazing with awe at the hooded Woman below.]

In Christ His name, what are you?

THE WOMAN

Poverty:
These are my children.

[Pointing at the black-hooded Figure.]

Yonder stands their father.

SAINT LOUIS

But they — what are their names?

POVERTY

He christened them:
Shame is my eldest: Vice and Plague I bore
Twins, to his power: next Dumbness and Despair,
And here you see their offspring. Yonder — ah,

There stands my brooding son, Rebellion. These,
And many more, their father brands with names;
But I — I call them all my comrades.

SAINT LOUIS

Tell:
What bodes that scarlet band about your brow?

POVERTY

Ask him who tied it there.

[She points again at the hooded Figure.]

SAINT LOUIS

But what is he?

POVERTY

[Shrinking back.]

I dare not name him. He is never named
When I am near.

SAINT LOUIS

Speak, hooded shape: What are you?

[The Figure in black moves silently toward Saint Louis, and begins to ascend the steps of the mound.]

Why do you mount toward *me?* — Stay! Are you dumb?
Your silence cries to God!

[Saint Louis draws back.

The Figure approaches him with slow menace and touches his arm.]

Your hand is cold.
Why have you left your place?

THE FIGURE

My place is here.

SAINT LOUIS

Your voice—it chills my heart. What power is yours?

THE FIGURE

[Pointing below.]

My power is placed above the reach of — those.

[He grasps the hilt of Saint Louis' sword.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Wresting it from him.]

Unloose my sword!

[The Figure reaches upward.]

Touch not my star! Dark shape,
I will unmask you.

[Tearing the hood from the face, Saint Louis starts back. Dropping the robe from his shoulders, the Figure steps forth all gleaming, as Saint Louis cries out:]

Gold!

GOLD

We meet once more.

[Wrenching the sword from Saint Louis, Gold strides up the steps to the shrine, and turns, brandishing it.]

Hail me, my Earth Spirits!

VOICES

[Cry from below.]

Gold! Yo, Gold!

[Appearing from behind the mound, the Earth Spirits rush up the slopes and steps.]

THE PIONEERS AND ADVENTURERS

[Shout.]

Saint Louis!

GOLD

[Exultant.]

Wings! Now their *wings* are mine! Surround my temple!

[Gold goes into the shrine, bearing the sword.

The Earth Spirits rush up after him, and stand guard about the closed door with outspread wings.

There they confront Saint Louis, who pauses midway on the steps, clutching the air dazedly for his reft sword.]

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

[From below.]

Save us, Saint Louis!

[Saint Louis stands, groping upward.

From the sky, a shooting-star starts, and falls beyond the temple, as the deep sky voice calls:]

THE SKY VOICE

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Hark! the omen!

THE SKY VOICE

Saint Louis, call your brothers!

SAINT LOUIS

Wásapédan,
I hear!

THE SKY VOICE

Alone, you fall. Make league together.
Call on the cities! — League, and conquer Gold!

SAINT LOUIS

Cahókia, your vision falls on me:
Here on your mound, I hark now, and remember!

THE WOMEN

[From below.]

Saint Louis, save us!

SAINT LOUIS

Bear with me, my sisters!
Your sorrow is our nation's. I will call
My brother cities here, and purge our temple.

[To his gesture, four mounted Heralds move forward on the space below. Their horses are plumed with long, slim wings like swallows.]

Ride, Heralds! — Make your trumpets the four winds!
Call to the cities and proclaim our League!

[Spurring their horses to the four corners of the plaza, the Heralds sound their trumpets with loud peals.

From far away, martial replies come back like echoes.

Saint Louis speaks again to the dun-colored figures below.]

Rise up, pale women. Watch beside me here,
For they are coming. Rise now, Poverty,
For you shall find your rest here on my mound,
And sleep with your sad children.

[Beckoning the masked Form, Saint Louis himself goes down and leads her up to the mound's level, trailed after by others of the dark pageant.

There for a moment Poverty stands beside him, then sinks down, where he bends over her. The others also sink down, and Saint Louis speaks, with gentle gesture.]

Now, sweet dreams!
To-morrow these shall wake with other names!

[The light now fades from the mound, from all except the figure of Saint Louis and above him the shrine, with the Earth Spirits on guard.

Rising, Saint Louis makes signal again to the Heralds, who blow their trumpets a second time.

The trumpets' echo sounds louder.

A third time they blow.

The peal is replied to from all parts, and now by land and water, to a march music of spirited solemnity, the Pageant of the Cities begins majestically to enter.

In seven major groups come the cities of the Union, representing all the states and the islands, and leading them — the Federal Capital. Accompanying them rides a group of foreign cities, representing countries of South America, Canada, England, and Europe.

The seven groups of the Union are marshalled in this wise:

By water, the cities of the Rivers, led by New Orleans; and of the Lakes, led by Chicago.

By land, those of the Eastern seaboard, led by New York; of the Western coast, by San Francisco; of the Mountains by Denver; of the Islands — Honolulu.

Attending the cities are their distinctive Industries.

Marshalling them all rides the city Washington.

In his train are groups of the nation's Arts, Sciences, and Professions.

As they approach, the Pioneers and Adventurers move on either side to the middle and background.

Converging like a vast V, whose apex is the foot of the mound, the city groups take their stations on the plaza foreground — Washington and his group* at the apex.

There Washington salutes Saint Louis, and speaks.]

*In this group are the Arts, Play, Dance, the Civic Theatre, etc., and with them children and young people come dancing.

WASHINGTON

Saint Louis, to our states and sister lands,
Our coasts, and isles, our mountains, rivers, and lakes,
The winds have borne your cry, and we respond.

THE SEVEN GROUPS

[Calling, through their masked spokesmen.]

[I]

I from the eastern sea have come — New York.

[II]

I from the western — San Francisco.

[III]

I

Speak from the lakes — Chicago.

[IV]

I from the rivers—
New Orleans.

[V]

On the mountains — Denver, I.

[VI]

I call from the far islands — Honolulu!

WASHINGTON

[VII]

And I from the Capital.— We hail you, brother!
What urging cause now calls us to make league?

SAINT LOUIS

Gold has usurped our temple.— In our path
Lo, we have grappled the Elements, Earth, and War,
And overcome them. Gold alone has slipped
Our grasp, eluding us in subtle guises.
Here, in his train, behold this pallid troupe
Of Poverty, bowed in dark.— Cities, my brothers,
Gold has usurped our temple and our sword:
How shall we cope with Gold?

WASHINGTON

[Turning to his group.]

Imagination,
Reveal, and answer! For if you are blind,
The nations walk in darkness.

[From the group of Arts and Sciences, Imagination stands forth — a noble female Form, masked in serene beauty.]

IMAGINATION

Lords of the earth,
Are you, then, stricken so dumb? And are you dazzled
When Gold draws near to God? And do your souls
Cry for a saviour?
Close your eyes, O people!

Gaze there in your own darkness:
What do you behold there?
Follow me: I will show you.

[Through the fallen figures on the steps, she mounts to the mound level, where she stands in the dimness and looks back on the illumined plaza.]

In all this gorgeous pageant of the world
Has none beheld him? Nay, he sits in twilight
And broods by fallen Poverty. Behold him!—

[She points beside the stricken form of Poverty to where a slight, slim Figure sits.]

A child: a child! — And wings he bears — and thorns!

[Reaching her hand.]

Arise, dear Love, and lead me to the temple.

[The child rises from his brooding, and steps into sudden light. Bare-limbed, he wears a dim blue tabard, through which at the shoulders spring iris wings. On his head thorns glitter like a garland.

Taking Imagination's outstretched hand, and passing Saint Louis (who gazes with awe), he leads her up the steps to the shrine and pauses.

Saint Louis follows part way up the steps.

At the approach of the child, the Earth Spirits draw back from the closed door, screening their eyes.

The child draws nearer and — as Imagination stands beside him — knocks.

The door clangs with a deep booming, and swings open.
Slowly Gold comes forth, holding the sword.
Confronting the child, he raises the sword above his head to strike.
The child looks up at him.
Gold pauses, wavering.
The sword falls from his grasp, and he bows down with a deep cry:]

GOLD

Master!

[The child touches his bowed form.
Gold raises his head, reaches for the sword, and holds it up.
Imagination takes the sword and speaks.]

IMAGINATION

Now, Gold, rejoin these Earth Spirits. You
Henceforth are one of them — to serve us.

[Gold draws back and joins the group of Earth Spirits, who bow down with him.]

THE EARTH SPIRITS

Ee-yo!

IMAGINATION

[Gazing below at the stricken forms.]

Now wake, you lonely and despairing ones,
Wake from your dark, and *be* what you have dreamed!
Saint Louis, guard the sword! — Love holds the temple.

[Standing the sword against the lintel, Imagination and Love go within.

Saint Louis, from midway of the steps, ascends and takes the sword.

Standing before the temple shrine, he turns and looks below.

On the mound level and the lower steps, a dreamy light reveals where Poverty and the other stricken shapes have risen from their dun garb, new clad in forms of light and graciousness.]

SAINT LOUIS

[Addressing them and the multitude.]

O sisters — brothers — cities leagued by Love!
If we are dreaming, let us scorn to wake;
Or waking, let us shape the sordid world
To likeness of our dreams. For 'tis a little,
When we, too, like Cahókia, shall lie down,
And this our city be a silent mound,
Silent, save over all — the chanting stars!

[Beyond him, from the sky, slowly the Great Bear gleams, while the star-choirs sing, remote:]

CHORUS OF THE STARS

Out of the formless void
Beauty and order are born:
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of our dance.

WÁSAPÉDAN

Saint Louis!

SAINT LOUIS

Hark — the voice!

WÁSAPÉDAN

Behold the wings!

SAINT LOUIS

What wings, O Wásapédan?

WÁSAPÉDAN

Eagle's wings!

SAINT LOUIS

What eagle flies?

WÁSAPÉDAN

America! Your league
Rides on his wings, and rises toward the stars.

[Wásapédan fades.
Saint Louis, looking toward the southern tower, points there with his sword, and turns toward the great assemblage.]

SAINT LOUIS

Cities! My brothers — sing! Our league is born!

ALL THE ASSEMBLAGE

Saint Louis! The League of Cities!

[Suddenly all start, uplifting their arms, and, gazing toward the tower entrance, cry out:]

Wings! the Wings!

[Beyond, from the outside darkness, a great whirring hums; groups of the people start back and forward, leaving a wide pathway, along which — emerging from the dimness — a gigantic Bird sweeps whirring, darts for an instant through bright radiance, then soars into the night, circling upward and scattering wild sparkles of fire in its wake.*

Saint Louis stands, pointing skyward with his sword.

Meantime, from the gazing hosts of the plaza, swaying with rhythmic motion, a mighty chorus rises.]

CHORUS

Out of the formless void
Beauty and order are born:
One for the all, all in one,
We wheel in the joy of our dance.

*In configuration and color an eagle, the bird, of course, is an aeroplane, serving thus for the first time the symbolism of dramatic poetry. The sparkles in its wake are vari-colored fireworks, shot off as it soars. See Appendix, Page 89.

Brother with brother
Sharing our light,
Build we new worlds
With ancient fire!

[From far above temple and plaza, the colossal Eagle still drops his fiery plumes.]

FINIS.

APPENDIX

THE DREAM OF CAHÓKIA

(Note for page 3.)

As the working out of this Prelude in stage production is technically a matter of pantomime and dance, which Mr. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH (my associate in the Saint Louis production of the Masque) has devised with imaginative artistry, I have asked Mr. SMITH himself to describe its outlines. This he has briefly done, in his own words, as follows:

Dimly seen, in the darkness of the vast stage, is an ancient temple of the Maya civilization — a concrete expression of the religion of the great race of red men of Yucatan and Central America. (See Preface, page xiv.) The temple is to some extent a replica of the famous CHICHEN ITZA, one of the greatest masterpieces of architecture of this wonderful period of art in the Western World.

Into the scene comes a great procession, suggesting the symbolism and imagery of the race:

Heroes and gods, priests and priestesses (dancers) and musicians walk solemnly across the great plaza before the temple— a brilliant spectacle, exotic and unique, flooded in the warm glow of sunset light.

While priests perform a ceremony at the altar in front of a great mound, above which towers the shrine of the temple, groups of men, boys, and girls give expression in dance to religious inspiration and embodiment of strength and grace; and when the climax of the dance is reached, the vision fades — the lights grow dim, night steals on, and only the glow of the altar fire remains.

When the last of the priests has left the scene, the altar smoke blows away, and the heroic figure of Cahókia is discovered — seated on the mound.

The Masque begins here.

APPENDIX

CIVIC MASQUES

(Note for Preface page vii.)

The underlying motive of "The Civic Theatre" volume, here referred to, is the substitution of a dynamic for a static ideal in civic celebrations.

Millions of dollars are yearly expended for the latter ideal, almost nothing for the former.

A passive form of *exhibit* represents the static ideal; an active form of *expression* represents the dynamic. The former involves *collecting* works of art, the latter *creating* them.

Public museums, bazaars, exhibitions, parks, are instituted to *collect the results of creative work* in art, industry, agriculture, etc.; they very seldom *produce creative work*.

On the other hand, civic theatres — which might well leaven whole communities with the desire and opportunity to *participate in creative work* — are nowhere established, though their undeveloped beginnings are manifest in the activities of the public playgrounds, the movement for civic pageantry, music in parks, the Camp Fire Girls, Christmas and holiday festivals in public places, new phases of country fairs, etc., in all of which the higher significance of *expressing life*, instead of merely *witnessing it*, is consciously or unconsciously recognized.

Such recognition implies a living social ideal of art, and relates it commonly to every constructive human activity. By it the farmer, the engineer, the naturalist, the gardener, the athlete, the chemist, the carpenter, the statesman, human beings of every creative vocation, are recognized as potential artists and craftsmen, appropriately co-workers and peers of the poet, the painter, the dramatist, the architect, sculptor, etc.

Such recognition does away with the false distinction between fine arts and gross arts: it implies that *all true art is fine art*.

It does away, therefore, with the average man's notion of art as a "high brow" individualistic function, essentially unrelated to his own daily life. Indeed, it reverses that judgment, and makes the rank and file of men and women realize, perhaps for

the first time, that the cultivation of art is the most important and direct means of fulfilling the most crying need of their lives — social solidarity.

As a means to that, art has been recognized by the organizers of The Pageant and Masque of Saint Louis.

In preparing for the production of the Masque, I can myself speak for the exhilarating response to that ideal on the part of so-called average people, resulting in fresh and astonishing developments of practical democracy. In a single committee meeting on organization, for instance, a poor immigrant shopkeeper, a millionaire, a labor leader, a professor of fine arts, brought thus together for the first time, enthusiastically supported one another's proposals. And such action has been typical.

In preparation for rehearsals, likewise, men of athletics — wrestlers, swimmers, riders; men of aeronautics — "fliers" and airship builders; men of power-plants — "light men" and electric engineers, have shown keen zest in participating for the first time as *craftsmen*, whose training and insight have been needed to coöperate in the technique of the dramatist and stage-producer.

So to organize the long-dissociated crafts and talents of a great city is the special task of dramatic engineering; and its most effectual instrument, I believe, is the civic Masque.

If this be proved by test and rightly recognized by social workers and statesmen, the results should be revolutionary to public recreation and education.

Communities, by such means, will come to express their manifold meanings in noble public masques. Future expositions and world fairs will represent the great contributary cities and industries of the world not simply by miles of labelled exhibits on walls and under glass, but — focussed in vast amphitheatres, before audiences of fascinated thousands — will produce a varied repertory of vital civic dramas, interpreting their distinctive communities through music, spectacle, poetry, dance, magic of lighting, and choral song.

APPENDIX

MASKED FIGURES

(Note for page 5.)

By a Masked Figure in this work is not meant a person wearing a mask like those worn by participants in masked balls, or by banditti in melodrama — for concealment. The masks referred to in this "Masque" (with one exception — that worn by the Figure in Black, in Part II) are used primarily to reveal, not to conceal.

Like Greek masks, they are worn to reveal their underlying symbols, as well as to sharpen and simplify the outlines of features looked at from a great distance.

In their forms, however, they are not classic, for the symbols they represent are varied, some being modern and indigenous.

The masks are used also to differentiate the spokesmen of groups from the other individuals of their special groups. The other individuals are "made up" in theatrical grease-paint, emphasizing a simplification of the facial planes, suggesting at close range a cubist effect, which is contrived to "carry" at long visual range.

CHORAL SONGS

(Note for page xxii.)

In the outdoor stage for the Masque, at Saint Louis, a pit is provided for the orchestra, near the back, at centre, concealed from the audience by the central mound. Concealed also, near the orchestra and above, the chorus of many hundred trained voices is stationed within range and control of the music director. For these voices the temple wall and wings, fifty feet in height, and about three hundred feet in length, act as a sounding-board to project the sound toward the audience.

Since complete technical control and correlation of orchestra and voices are essential to rendering the composer's work properly, the singers themselves do not appear on the stage, but on the stage the various pantomime groups — the Wild Nature Forces, the Pioneers, the World Adventurers, etc. — suit their

action to the music and choral song of the concealed orchestra musicians, and the singers.

THE DISCOVERERS

(Note for page 24.)

The entrance by water of the Discoverers interprets suggestively material treated in the historical Pageant.

Thus simply and unobtrustively Père Marquette and the devoted "black robes" stole in to the half light of those undiscovered regions of the great river, followed later by the more brilliant pomp of mediæval church and royal soldiery.

The three Masked Figures on the Sphere are, of course, symbolic of the discoveries made in the Western Hemisphere by the Church, Spain, and France, embodied in such adventurous knights of Spain as De Soto and such French fur-traders as Laclede.

SAINT LOUIS

(Note for page 30.)

For purposes of this Masque, the name Saint Louis is pronounced without sounding the final 's' (i. e., Saint Loo-ey), not simply because this pronunciation — still retained by the city's older families — is nearer to the French original, but because it has a clearer and more sonorous quality for being spoken, shouted, or chanted, out-of-doors, on the immense stage at Forest Park.

THE EAGLE

(Note for page 80.)

At the date of writing this note, I have recently been in communication with Mr. Henry Woodhouse and other members of the Aero Club of New York, in regard to securing the best obtainable "bird man" and aeroplane for the night flight of the Eagle in this Masque.

In conferring with them, it has been a significant experience to note how eagerly these pioneers of the air have welcomed this

new opportunity of pioneering for art. Themselves men of imagination and engineers, they have been quick to recognize in this co-working with fellow craftsmen a collaboration which should open for aeronautics a great and practical civic field, far more inspiring than that field of war — antagonistic to civilization — which till now has given their vocation its chief support and encouragement.

Captain Baldwin, for instance, described to me how he alighted last Christmas from the skies above Montreal — garbed as an aerial Santa Claus — welcomed by twenty thousand expectant children, who had breathlessly awaited his published coming from the North Pole.

That experience, he remarked with enthusiasm, had revealed to him imaginative possibilities of his profession, which he saw opening into still wider vistas at Saint Louis, in the flight of the Eagle, expressing the social aspiration of a League of the Cities.

ACTION

(Note for page xxii.)

The action of the Masque takes place in two planes, the human and the superhuman, represented physically on the stage by the plaza, and by the tops of the temple and the towers.

Each of these planes has its minor levels.

In the lower plane, individual action and speech are lifted above group action and song by the raised levels of the three mounds.

(For example, Cahókia and Saint Louis, chief spokesmen of the human plane, speak from the central mound raised above the plaza groups of the Latin Nations and the Pioneers; again, Europe and War speak from the lesser mounds, raised above the groups of the World Adventurers and the War Demons.)

In the upper plane, likewise, individual speech and apparition are lifted above group song and action.

(For example, Wásapédan, the great Bear, chief spokesman of the superhuman plane, appears and speaks from mid-air,

above the top of the temple façade — on which level occur the appearances of the Stars, and the Spirits of the Years.)

The actor who chants the work of Wásapédan is of course concealed, and from behind him a constructed sounding-board projects his voice toward the audience.

Thus there are two major planes of action (Earth plane and Sky plane); each of these has its minor raised levels of action.

In this way the human and superhuman meanings of the Masque are strongly visualized and contrasted.

In this connection it is important to note that throughout the Masque *no appeal is made to the ear by speech or song without a simultaneous appeal to the eye*, making clear to the sight the meaning of the dialogue and the choruses. This technique is conditioned by the great scale of the action, which both to the eye and ear must be magnified. (According to careful tests, made with men's voices, the acoustics of the Forest Park stage and auditorium are almost perfect.)

So, just as the group action visually is focussed upon a few chief vantage-points of illumination (like the mound levels and the tower tops), so orally the spoken word is focussed in three spokesmen (Cahókia, Saint Louis, and Wásapédan), who, strongly visualized, speak with voices magnified by constructed sounding-boards, or megaphones, or both.

(Change of Scene)

In the interval of darkness which occurs between the close of Mr. Stevens' Pageant and the prelude of my Masque, a change of scene takes place.

During the Pageant, the high wall in the background has appeared like a precipitous natural cliff of rock, grown over with ivy and verdure; the two towers have represented (first) two

gigantic tree trunks, storm-broken at their tops; and (then) two towers of a log-built stockade; also, the water-line of the stage has appeared like a natural river-bank.

Now, for the more formal, symbolic purposes of the Masque, the painted back-drop of cliff-scenery is removed, revealing the architectural façade and wings of the ancient temple. Likewise, the stockade-painted canvas covering the towers is lowered away, exposing underneath the sculptured surfaces of two vast pylons, carved each with an ancient Indian god some forty feet in stature. On the tops of these pylons appear Hilóha and Noohái, the Elements. Moreover, the water-line of the stage, at its centre, is altered, uncovering a broad flight of formal stone steps leading up to the stage level, which now resembles a great plaza.

Besides these changes, the following also take place:

The mound, which stands during the Pageant near the right background, is moved (for the Masque) to the centre middle-ground, and there—directly behind it and against it—is placed a taller stage-property, the temple-shrine, whose steps thus lead up from the top of the mound. During the Pageant, this shrine—turned back-to toward the audience—has resembled a rocky portion of the background cliff, being so painted on its back surface.

In addition, the two lesser mounds are moved on to the stage at left and right.

TIME

(Note for page xxii)

The Masque is concerned with the long continuity of human endeavor.

It treats the materials of archæology and history in the Western Hemisphere, from the prehistoric times of the mound builders to the present time: it treats the materials of imagination in their perennial aspects.

THE PAGEANT OF SAINT LOUIS

A Synopsis by its author

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

THE PAGEANT OF SAINT LOUIS

(Reference from page ix of the Preface)

NOTE: The following is a synopsis, written for this volume by Mr. THOMAS WOOD STEVENS, in description of his Pageant:

The Pageant of Saint Louis, written to precede the performances of Mr. MacKaye's Masque, is in form a chronicle play dealing with aboriginal life and the exploration of the Mississippi, and with the settlement and first hundred years' existence of the city. The stage for the Pageant and Masque is constructed, as the vast amphitheatre requires, on the most heroic scale; and this scale, as well as the necessity for extreme compression in time, should be borne in mind when one considers the work as a whole.

The scene, at the opening of the Pageant, is the bank of a river, the audience looking across as from the opposite shore. The bank is a wooded one, with open space amid the trees, and far up, at the back, a limestone cliff surmounted with living green. It is late afternoon, and the sun slants across a low mound of earth, its upper surface freshly heaped. Here and there, between the trees, one glimpses the ends of projecting shelters of woven mat-work.

The overture closes with a drumming rhythm, and over the top of the mound come three figures, a priest or prophet of the Mound-builders, and two youthful acolytes. They rekindle the fire upon the mound, and signal with smoke puffs to distant villages, the priest lamenting the death of the chief. The tribe joins in the lamentation, and the dead chief, with all barbaric state, is borne to his rest upon the summit, the priest chanting his death song, and the people bringing earth in baskets and patiently heaping higher the level of the mound.

In this they are interrupted by the entrance of three hunters, young men returning in triumph with fresh buffalo skins on their shoulders. The hunters are led by a young chief, who calls on the tribe to follow him to the trails and the feasting, since he has found a moving herd. The priest stays them for a moment, calling the young chief to his side; as the lad comes up to the mound's top, the priest reveals to him the face of the dead man, and the young chief throws himself down, overcome with grief. But the hunters on the plain below are not moved by this, and the tribe comes to their calling, leaving the young chief standing over his beloved dead, prophesying that the mounds will rise no higher. The women come up the slope with the last baskets of earth, and when they go down again, following after the men of the tribe, the mound is seen to be empty.

When the Mound-builders have disappeared, the Indians of the later time enter and set up their tepees; the life of the village, with the play of the children and the toil of the women, begins, and is interrupted for a short time by the Spanish gold-seekers under De Soto; the failure of the object of the expedition, and its leader's decision to retrace his steps, is shown in pantomime only, as matter more remote from the actual site of the Pageant. The march of the Spaniards is followed by a scene presenting the Indians in thier dances, in battle, and finally in the council which divides the land and sends part of the tribes up the Missouri to the snow and the sun-setting, and part southward to the summer and the flowing-of-the-river.

After this council, messengers come bearing word of the approaching Black-Gown, and Marquette and Joliet enter in their canoes, are greeted in friendship by the chiefs and assembled tribe, and pass onward down the river. After them, La Salle comes driving his unwilling traders before him, buying skins of the Indians, and finally forcing his way down the terrible and mysterious river. With him the first movement of the Pageant closes.

A spoken interlude by an Indian Prophet interprets what has passed, in the terms of his people, and foretells the newer time.

The second movement begins with the coming of the actual founders of the city. Laclede Liguest has

already arrived, selected the site, and blazed the trees to mark it. Now young Auguste Chouteau, his stepson, arrives with thirty men to clear the ground and start the building of the first houses. Laclede now enters, encourages the builders, lays down a plat of his future city, and with prophetic words assures them of his belief that it will become "a considerable place hereafter." And he names it Saint Louis.

The village grows, house by house. Men trade in furs. The bell of the mission church is heard. Two years pass, and, the land across the river having been ceded to the English, the Commandant, St. Ange de Bellerive, sets up a French military post at Saint Louis. He is followed by the first of the Spanish Governors, Piernas. The place grows, and Trudeau, the first Schoolmaster, appears. The defence against the Indian attack of 1780 is shown, the embattled (and probably mythical) deeds of the Schoolmistress, Madame Rigouche, being enacted along the stockades.

Calm succeeds, ruffled by the echoes of the Bastille's fall in the songs of the local Sans Culottes Society. Then word of the Purchase, and the coming of the Americans. Governor Delassus receives Captain Amos Stoddard, who, as representative of the French Republic, raises for the last time the French flag. The people crowd closer to be under it. Charles Gratiot suggests a stay in the transfer; Stoddard consents; the village puts on its afterglow of festival, dances the

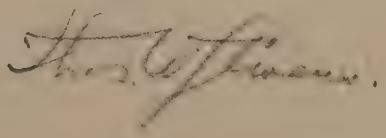
gavotte, and feels itself for the moment back in its most beloved allegiance. Again the salute is fired, the flag flutters down, and the Stars and Stripes are lifted. Saint Louis has become an American post. The second movement closes.

A Watchman on the stockade now speaks for the American spirit which is to come.

The third movement begins with the setting out of Lewis and Clark on their memorable journey, and with the great march of pioneers to the conquering of the West. It is now past sunset, and the onward looking faces of this great procession peer into the twilight; their camp-fires flicker and are left smouldering; the oxen slowly drag forward the white-topped wagons; the last of the Indians make their peace and depart; the first steamboat comes clanking to the levee. When the twilight has deepened, lights appear, and the town (it is now the year 1825) turns out to welcome General Lafayette.

Years pass, the men of the Battery returning from Doniphan's glorious exploit in Mexico filling the next scene. Then the singing idealists from the German uprising of 1848 come on; and after them, in the darkening hour, the turbulent picture of the city during the Civil War — the city on the border, with its divided sympathies and broken homes. With the news of peace the Pageant closes.

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS.



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